

L O V E

I N A

B A R N;

O R,

R I G H T

Country Courtship.



T E W K E S B U R Y:

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LOVE in a BARN, &c.

COME all ye brisk young country girls,
And London lasses too ;
A merry ditty I have to tell,
Which certainly is true.
In Ryegate liv'd a buxom lass,
Both beantiful and fair,
Her beauty was her portion,
As hereafter you shall hear.
Her father was a farmer,
Who did at Ryegate dwell,
Just by liv'd a noble Lord,
Whose name I must not tell :
Whose country-house at Ryegate was,
In the sweet pleasant air,
And this Lord he fell in love.
With the farmer's daughter fair.
He oftentimes beheld her,
A milking in the morn,
And he must go to drink the milk,
From the cow while it was warm :
The draught of love he drank so sweet,
By gazing on her charms,
That the sweet creature he would oft
Wish for in his arms.
He said, I've flighted ladies,
Of honour birth and fame :
Now Cupid has betray'd me,
To an innocent country dame.

I must reveal my passion,
 Or for her lose my life;
 If money her virtue will overcome,
 I soon will end the strife,
 Next morning he goes to her,
 As she a-milking were,
 And he began the story,
 To the farmer's daughter fair.
 Thou fairest of all creatures,
 My heart is in love with thee;
 If thou canst love a London Lord,
 A Lady thou shalt be.
 Sir, said she, What do you mean,
 More fit I am, I vow,
 To mind my father's dairy,
 And feed the pigs and fow.
 I cannot dress up in the mode,
 As London lasses wear.
 Said he, but I will keep a maid,
 To wait on thee, my dear.
 A maid! said the country lass,
 I can but laugh at that:
 Must I ride to church in my short cloak,
 With a feather in my cap.
 No, no, my dear, that is the dress,
 My jewel thou shalt wear,
 When thou along with me dost go,
 To take the rural air.
 Then, Gaffer, said the country girl,
 Yet something I have to say,
 Among the ladies I cannot dance,
 Except it be the hay.

But thou can'st dance in bed, my dear,
 And that's the prettiest sport,
 Ay, never fear, I'll warrant thee,
 As well as the best in court.
 This was right Country Courtship,
 And made the Lord to smile,
 But his whole intention was
 This maiden to beguile.

But the country girls are not such fools,
 For to be taken in,
 So now here come the country bite,
 Which she did put on him.
 He made her many presents
 Of watches, jewels, rings,
 The girl she was well pleas'd
 At sight of such fine things.

The cow-house was the chamber
 In which they us'd to court,
 At length he must be fooling
 Under her petticoats.
 She said, is this the way
 That courtiers come to wooe?
 There's no harm, says he, my dear,
 We serve the ladies so.

I do not like the fashion,
 The country girl reply'd,
 I will not be a lady,
 Until I am a bride.

She finding he had store of gold,
 Says she, I plainly see,
 That he has no intention,
 That I his bride shall be.

He shall not have my maidenhead,
 I solemnly do swear,
 But I'll bite him of a portion,
 Then wed with Ralph my dear;
 Next morning came the Lord,
 As he was us'd to do,
 With a pretence to drink the milk
 Warm, fir, from the cow.
 Then with the charming milk-maid,
 Still fooling he would be,
 Says he, five hundred pounds I'll give,
 One night to lie with thee;
 Then afterwards I will thee wed,
 So in that there is no harm:
 Well, if I lose my maidenhead,
 It shall be in my father's barn:
 So now the money put me down,
 And treat me well with wine,
 Then to night at twelve o'clock,
 It is the only time;
 He was delighted for to catch,
 The maiden in the mind,
 Then unto the barn he took
 A bottle of rhenish wine.
 A gang of gypsies us'd to lie,
 Sir, in the barn all night,
 Then here this damsel soon she play'd,
 A country crafty bite:
 She told unto the gypsies
 How she the scheme had laid,
 So bid them to conceal themselves
 Among the corn and hay.

She said, I'll give you notice
In evere degree;

And if you bite this am'rous blade,
Rewarded you shall be.

'Bout twelve o'clock to her he came,
Just as the appointment were,
Having no light but what the moon
Granted unto them there.

Thus they sit down among the straw,
His arms round her he twines;
Full merrily they tofs about,
The bottle of rhenish wine:
The girl oft kiss'd the bottle,
But never touch the wine,
Untill his Lordship's eyes began
To twinkle very fine.

He laid him down amidst the straw,
And fast asleep he falls:
The farmer's daughter then arose,
And the gypsies soon did call:
Says she, Go strip you all in buff,
Then down by him go lie,
And the little gypsey at his back,
I beg that you would tie.

Both his hands I have made fast,
Not easy to be undone,
Then as he rises in a fright,
Like a devil he will run:
Five pounds she to the gypsies gave,
Then home she strait did steer,
The Lord began to awake, fir,
In the morning fair and clear.

He took a roll upon his back,
 The gypsies began to squeak,
 His hands being ty'd he then began
 To scramble on his feet:
 The gypsies all were standing up,
 Their coal-black hair hung down,
 He took them all for devils in buff.
 And run into the town.

With the bastard squalling at his back,
 His wig was tag'd with straw,
 Sure such a sight as this
 No mortal ever saw.
 The servants were amazed
 When they did let him in,
 They took the gypsies from his back,
 And soon relieved him.

So the child he is like to keep,
 For the gypsies they are gone:
 Thus now he is the talk of all
 The women in the town;
 But yet he is well pleased
 With the pranks that she has play'd,
 He said, I am resolv'd to wed
 This virtuous country maid.

For virtue is her portion,
 Of that she has her share;
 So now this Lord has married,
 This farmer's daughter fair,

OLD SONGS,

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Seven Champions of
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Cat-Skin
Death and the Lady
Twenty-seven Songs of
Robin Hood
Poor Robin's Dream
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Squire Vernon's Fox-
Chace
Famous Flower of Serv-
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Wandering Prince of
Troy
Choice Pennyworth of
Wit
Yarmouth Tragedy
Golden Bull
Jane Shore
Oxford Ramble
Dorsetshire Miracle
Transported Felons
Teague's Ramble
Spanish Lady's Love to
an English Captain
Northern Knight's Gar-
land

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Bloody Brother
Humours of Rag Fair
Glocestershire Tragedy
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Chevy Chace
Bloody Gardener
Berkshire Lady
Wandering Shepherdess
Factor's Garland
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Bite upon Bite
Blind Beggar of Beth-
nal-Green
Bristol Bridegroom; or
The Ship Carpenter's
Love to the Merchants
Daughter
Anacreon's Feast
Death of Sir Andrew
Barton
New Mad Tom
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Disobedient Son and
Cruel Husband
Somersetshire Tragedy
Welch Wedding
Lamentable Ballad of
the Lady's Fall
Fair Maudin

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